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SIXPENCE.

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THE DEVASTATING POWER OF A BIG LAND-MINE: A HUGE MINE-CRATER IN HIGH WOOD.

The enormous size of the mine-crater in High Wood, on the Somme front, can be appreciated by contrasting it with the comparatively diminutive figures of the men seen in it in the above photograph. Having realised the extent of the crater, one can also partially imagine the terrific force of the explosion that caused it.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE facts as they filtered through about the Roumanian affair in the Red Tower Pass made a curiously complete formula of Prussia. First of all, it is sharply instructive to note exactly what it is which this Prussian spirit considers a disgrace and what it considers a rehabilitation. Apparently the German Emperor claimed a complete encirclement and decisive victory; which might in the circumstances have been a real fact; and which might in any case have been a perfectly innocent error. The Roumanian force certainly escaped very narrowly; and while this covered the Roumanian command with great honour, it might clear the German command of mere stupidity. But when the details began to be filled up, the number of Roumanian prisoners was so small that it was quite self-evident that nothing like a complete encirclement or decisive victory could have happened at all. The German reply to this was not to say it was an innocent error, or to say nothing and try again. The German reply was, almost in so many words, that there were very few prisoners left because the Germans murdered most of them out of personal disapproval of the Roumanian character and policy. That is the only possible sense that can be made out of their remark about not taking prisoners. And it did, as I say, really represent the modern German scale of honour and dishonour. Rather than admit that they did not effect a triumph, they cheerfully admitted that they did effect a massacre. Rather than face the idea of having disarmed fewer men than they fancied, they eagerly explained that they killed men when they were disarmed. As a matter of fact, a shrewd reader will probably convict them in this case rather of a lie than the crime. Their haul was a comparatively small one, not only of men but of guns. And it will hardly be maintained that the mere sight and touch of a Roumanian gun filled them with a paralysing disgust. But this boasted butchery of captives was nevertheless an important incident in the war. If it was a fiction, it had the practical value of a fact. It pierced to the primary root of the world's war; which does not even lie in what we or the world think of the Prussian. It lies in what the Prussian really wishes us to think of him.

In this respect the special attack on Roumania is a repetition of the special attack on Serbia. In smiting hardest at the kingdoms of the Balkans, Prussia performs an action proper to her whole historical character, and in no small degree symbolic of what she really wishes us to understand. And she is to be judged, as I say, not by the evil she admits even, but rather by the evil she claims.

What was the meaning of that "feeling against the Roumanians" which Germany thus bragged of satisfying in the most barbaric fashion? Why were Germans so ready to admit having made a great and even monstrous example of this relatively small case? If the German Empire was really the victim of an aggressive conspiracy, it was one which had begun to succeed long before Roumania joined it, and would go on succeeding to-morrow if Roumania were knocked out of it. The deepest answer, I think, is in the depths of that strange thing, the Prussian pride, which is not a human weakness but an inhuman weakness. The North German warrior does not conceive himself as a hero fighting giants. He does, ultimately and ideally, conceive himself as a giant devouring men, or even devouring heroes. When he is no longer a giant and can no longer devour men—then he will devour

pigmy, that he may still feel like a giant. Gigantesque imagery runs riot through all his most responsible official utterances. They are full of clubs and hammers and the colossal bludgeons of Blunderbore and Polyphemus. They are full of phrases about smashing and shattering, about "the hammer-blows of an unconquerable race"; just as long ago in time of peace the German Emperor himself exclaimed "Whatever opposes me I will break in pieces." This choice of words is not an accident, for there are few things so self-revealing as a literary style. Style is

but of the ideal. And the ideal of the North German is not war; it is destruction. In his vision of himself he is not fighting with an enemy; any more than a crowbar can be said to have a stand-up fight with a safe; any more than a barrel of gun-powder wrestles with a slate quarry. He would like to drive his foes before him, not only as things doomed to death, but as if they were things already dead. In this sense, another than that commonly meant, it is true that the German ideal is thoroughness—in the old and literal sense of thoroughness. The ideal is to break through; but it is most ideal if it is instantaneous.

And all this titanic nightmare, as is typical of the dreams of barbarians, is ultimately a colossal piece of commonplace; for it comes back to the same one-sided energy as breaking stones or tearing-up paper. And I suppose that German generals have by this time broken nearly enough stone buildings to cobble the roads of a continent; as the German diplomatists have torn up enough paper to equip a paper chase.

As I noted in the professor of sophistry, this solemn violence may be merely a frivolity in the wrong place. Every healthy man has had an abstract fancy for smashing a window or putting his foot through the panel of a door. When the great blunder of barbarian dominion is abolished, Germany may some day become what it would be at its best: an enormous nursery, a land of nonsense. A love of plunging and kicking things to pieces could, I suppose, be satisfied in comparative innocence, as it is in schoolboys. The Germans might build their own churches and knock them down again with commendable rapidity. They might even have stuffed dolls to sabre and bayonet; a dummy Nurse to be shot at, or a dummy Cardinal to be insulted and threatened with imprisonment. But as applied to serious things this infantile appetite for destruction is inconsistent with life itself; and that not merely because serious things require delicacy. It is not merely because any stone will

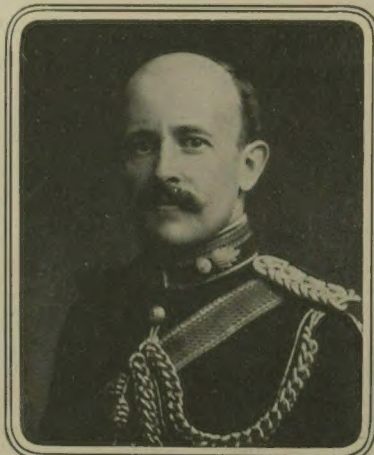
break a pane of glass, while it needs a precious stone to cut it. It is also because a mere love of breaking must always mean breaking things like glass—that is, things that are breakable. Such brutality ends in cowardice and a kind of caution. Wishing to show its strength, its first impulse is to show it on something that is not strong. To the last it will try to impress the great nations by showing how swiftly it can shatter a small nation.

"Whatever opposes me I will break in pieces." The end of that philosophy is a carefully selected opposition to something that you can break in pieces. For there is a spirit in it that can only feel success to be real when it is rapid. This spirit will, of course, mingle with many other elements wise and foolish; but it will be present to the end, as it has been present from the beginning. Anybody who can smell a spiritual atmosphere must have felt, in the first days of fighting, that what the Prussians really enjoyed was the rush through Belgium. I do not mean that they merely enjoyed the atrocities. Murder and sacrilege, to do them strict justice, were merely the signs of their happiness; rape and infanticide were the garlands and the ribbons of their hilarity. What they enjoyed was what an avalanche or a cataract might enjoy, if its own speed could kindle in it something like the beginning of a soul.

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AN "ENTHUSIASTIC PROMOTER" OF THE TANKS: COLONEL SWINTON.

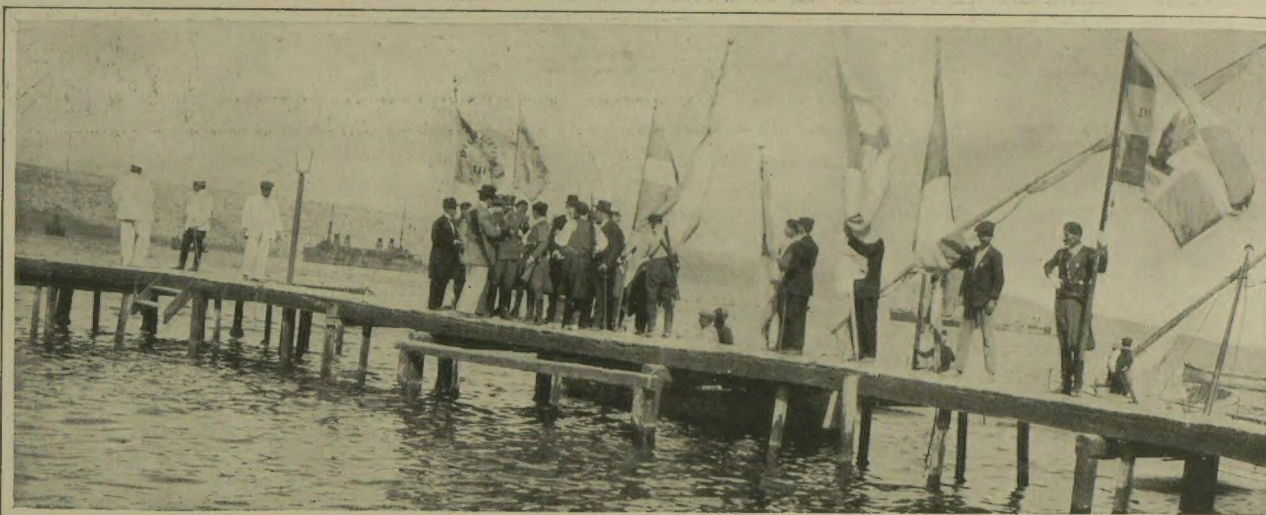
Photo: Elliott and Fry.
MAKER OF "THE FIRST SUGGESTION" OF TANKS: LIEUT.-COL. SIR MAURICE HANKEY, SECRETARY OF THE WAR COMMITTEE.

Speaking in the House on the subject of the famous Tanks, Mr. Lloyd George said recently: "Mr. d'Eyncourt, who is the Chief Naval Constructor of the Admiralty, had probably the greatest share in the matter of designing this formidable weapon. Then I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary of the War Committee, to whom we are very considerably indebted for the first suggestion . . . but these suggestions would never have fructified had it not been for . . . my right hon. friend (Mr. Churchill). . . . Col. Swinton has been an enthusiastic promoter of the idea. . . . The same thing applies to Col. Stern."

anything but a superficial thing; and a man often betrays in the sound of his words what he is trying to conceal in the sense of them. And the feeling behind all this phraseology is really this: that the victory of a giant is glorious because it is easy. It is magnificent because it is not war. I do not mean, of course, that men born in the Germanies cannot endure the doubt and equality of real war, as do other white men; I am not speaking of the reality,

Photo: LaFayette.
PRINCIPAL DESIGNER OF THE TANKS: MR. E. H. W. TENNYNSON-D'EYNCOURT, DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

VENIZELOS LANDS IN CRETE: TWO OF THE GREEK TRIUMVIRS.



WAITING TO WELCOME THE LEADERS OF THE NEW GREEK PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: ON THE PIER AT SUDA JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF M. VENIZELOS AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS.



"TURBULENT WARRIORS" DEVOTED TO M. VENIZELOS: A CRETAN CHIEFTAIN (IN CENTRE) AND PEASANTS.



LEAVING SUDA FOR CANEA: M. VENIZELOS (IN SOFT HAT) AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS IN THEIR CAR.



RETURNING FROM WELCOMING M. VENIZELOS TO CRETE: THE BISHOP OF CANEA, WITH ANOTHER PRIEST.



LANDING IN CRETE, WHERE THEY WERE RECEIVED WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM: M. VENIZELOS AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS WALKING PAST THE BANNER-BEARERS ON THE PIER AT SUDA.

The landing in Crete of M. Venizelos and Admiral Coundouriotis, two members of the "triumvirate" of the new Greek provisional Government (the third being General Danglis, ex-Minister of War), was a memorable occasion in the history of Greece. They left Athens by night, and arrived off Suda, in Crete, on September 25, in the s.s. "Hesperia." The landing was delayed for a time by bad weather. Admiral Coundouriotis, who before leaving resigned his post as A.D.C. General to King Constantine, was accompanied by five senior officers of the Greek Navy. Writing on board the "Hesperia" in Suda Bay, just before the landing, Mr. G. J. Stevens says: "The heads of this dissenting

Administration are the two outstanding figures of Greece, M. Venizelos and Admiral Coundouriotis. . . . King Constantine . . . described the Salonika revolutionaries as 'scoundrels of patriotism.' Will he go to the extent of applying the same epithet to Admiral Coundouriotis, who shares with him in an equal degree in the public estimation the glory of beating the Turks? The one led the fleet while the other commanded the Army." In a later message from Canea Mr. Stevens writes: "An inaugural religious service was held in the Cathedral to-day in honour of the new Government. . . . The Bishop of Crete officiated." M. Venizelos afterwards went to Salonika.

BALKAN SCENES AND PERSONALITIES—ALBANIAN; GREEK; AND SERBIAN.

FRENCH AND BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE ALBANIAN LEADER WHOM THE TURKS HAVE SENTENCED TO DEATH: ESSAD PASHA—WITH GENERAL SARRAIL, AT SALONIKA.



THE GREEK OFFICER WHO DEFENDED SERES: COLONEL CHRISTODOULOS (THE CENTRAL FIGURE) ARRIVING AT SALONIKA.



A RESULT OF THE NEW SERBIAN VICTORIES: REFUGEES RETURNING TO VILLAGES CAPTURED BY THE SERBIANS.



REWARDED FOR BEING GOOD, BY AN AMUSING LECTURE FROM AN INTERPRETER: A FRENCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG REFUGEES AT SALONIKA.



RESTING BEHIND THE LINE: SOME OF THE SERBIAN TROOPS WHO HAVE BEEN FIGHTING SO WELL AND SUCCESSFULLY.

It was reported recently that Essad Pasha had (in his absence) been condemned to death by the Turkish Government. Writing from Salonika regarding the occasion illustrated in our first photograph, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "Essad Pasha, the Albanian chieftain, arrived to-day from France. General Sarrail met him. He is a sturdily built, tall, dark man, about fifty. He wore a khaki uniform with a Sam Browne belt, and a round Montenegrin astrakhan cap with a red top. Through the ranks of the guards of honour of English and French they walked side by side to Essad's hotel on the quay. Essad Pasha has a considerable suite, including M. Defontenay, the French Minister to

Albania." Regarding Colonel Christodoulos, the famous defender of Seres, whose heroic action there did so much to influence Greek feeling, Mr. Ward Price wrote later: "Colonel Christodoulos has reached Kavalla after marching through country overrun by enemy detachments. He got through with two regiments" . . . When the Bulgarians returned in overwhelming numbers to drive him out, at the time when the Fourth Greek Army Corps was "kidnapped," Colonel Christodoulos sent a message to the French naval force at Thasos. Boats were at once sent to Kavalla and took aboard the Colonel, with 200 officers and 1200 men, and some of their material, machine-guns, etc.

THE RUSSIANS AT SALONIKA: COLUMNS ADVANCING TO THE FRONT.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



RUSSIA'S FINE CONTRIBUTION TO THE ALLIED FORCE IN THE BALKANS: RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO THE FIGHTING LINE.



ALL PROVIDED WITH THE NEW STEEL HELMETS—SOME WEARING, OTHERS CARRYING THEM: RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO THE BALKAN FRONT.

The Russian troops at Salonika, it will be seen from our photographs, are now provided with the new steel helmets. On the march, when not under fire, the men find it more convenient to carry them slung over their shoulders among their other equipment. A Reuter message of October 9 from Salonika stated: "A strong detachment of Russian infantry landed here to-day, and marched through the town, accompanied by the band

of the French Zouaves. The men presented a fine appearance, and were splendidly equipped. They were warmly cheered by the crowds in the streets, which, moreover, assumed a festive character owing to the decorations and display of bunting, of which the flags of the Allies formed part." The first contingent of Russian troops sent to Salonika arrived there in August, and an Italian force landed shortly afterwards.

OUR FIGHTERS IN FRANCE: ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF YESTERDAY.

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HOW FIELD AMBULANCES CLOSE TO THE BATTLE-LINE ARE SUPPLIED: RUNNING UP MEDICAL STORES BY TROLLEY ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.



TURNING TO ACCOUNT THE REMAINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH, SCREENED WITH BROKEN STAKES: AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION-OFFICER'S POST.



AN EMERGENCY EXPEDIENT: LAYING A TELEPHONE LINE ACROSS "NO MAN'S LAND."



AS SATISFACTORY AS THE SERGEANTS' MESS: AN N.C.O. AT DINNER, SEATED ON THE WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN GUN.



UNDER A BETTER FLAG: "FRITZ"—FOUND BY THE CANADIANS IN COURCELETTE AND ADOPTED.



ROUGH GROUND MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO OUR GUNNERS: HAULING A BIG GUN FORWARD WITH A 12-HORSE TEAM AND GUNNERS WITH DRAG-ROPES.



A NEAR THING IN TAKING A LINE ACROSS COUNTRY: AN AMMUNITION-CART IN DIFFICULTIES AT THE EDGE OF A FORMER GERMAN TRENCH.

The above illustrations show scenes on one of the battlefields in the Somme area where the British are now fighting. They represent, so to speak, daily-life incidents of war, immediately after the tide of battle has rolled forward from the immediate neighbourhood—a day or two after the enemy, formerly in possession of the ground, has been forced back. For that reason, among others, the present set of illustrations are really as interesting and valuable almost as the pictures of actual fighting, photographed while an action is in progress. Further, they are no less informing in their representation of

what goes on, day after day, in the immediate rear of every battle-zone. They give one a glimpse of the continuous variety and incessant hard toil that goes on, which also goes to make up and constitute the process that the Official Despatches from Army Headquarters term "consolidating our position." In that manner and by such means it is that the troops in the firing-line are enabled between their battles to make good their gains of ground, and at the same time make good also the wastage of their last battlefield in *matériel* and the inevitable expenditure of war stores of every kind.

A MODERN "HORSE OF TROY": A ROUMANIAN RUSE DE GUERRE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH SENT FROM ROUMANIA.



MEN INSTEAD OF GRAIN: ROUMANIAN SOLDIERS SURPRISING THE ENEMY AT GHEMESH STATION.

After the declaration of war between Roumania and Austria-Hungary—on the first day of hostilities—the Roumanians sprang a surprise on the enemy at Ghemesh Station. The Roumanians asked that a Hungarian train might be fetched back from the Roumanian side of the frontier, and the enemy, thinking to find it full of grain, agreed, and sent

an engine. On its arrival at the station, there poured forth, not grain, but Roumanian soldiers. The Hungarians in the station were so surprised that hardly a shot was fired except by men at a distance. The incident is a modern variant of the classic legend.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, LAPAYETTE, BARNETT, STUART, AND NAUDIN.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM DRYSDALE,
D.S.O.,
Royal Scots. Youngest son of late Mr.
William Drysdale, of Kilrie, Fife, N.B.



MAJOR GUY B. OLIVER,
R.F.A. Fought with great
gallantry from Mons to Neuve
Chapelle. Died of wounds.



MAJ. B. WALTER, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Son of late Mr. J.
Walter, Hong Kong and
Shanghai Banking Corp'n.



MAJOR A. C. WILLIAMS
Canadian Infantry, Overseas Forces. Has
been officially reported as having been killed
in action.



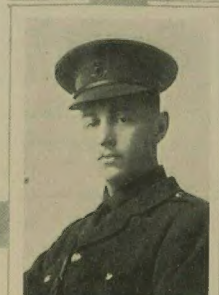
LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM LYLE,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Only son of
Mr. William Park Lyle, of Haslemere,
Surrey.



CAPT. C. E. TUFNELL,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
late Lieut.-Col. E. Tufnell,
Royal Bodyguard.



CAPTAIN R. VAUGHAN
THOMPSON,
R. Fusiliers. Son of late
Col. E. V. Thompson, V.D.



CAPTAIN R. W. F. BELL,
R. Irish Regt. Son of Mr.
Robert Popham Bell, J.P.,
Pegsboro', Tipperary.



MAJOR GUY EGERTON KIDD,
R.F.A. Son of Dr. Percy Kidd, M.A.,
of No. 60, Brook Street, Grosvenor
Square, W.



LIEUT.-COL. C. EDWARD FISHBOURNE,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of late Mr.
Joseph Fishbourne, of Ashfield Hall, Ballic-
moyler, Queen's County.



2ND LIEUT. W. H. L.
VESEY FITZGERALD,
Devonshire Regt. Son of
Mr. G. Vesey Fitzgerald.



LIEUT. VISCOUNT CLIVE,
Welsh Guards. Heir to the
Earl of Powis. Fought gal-
lantly on the Somme.



CAPTAIN T. H. IRVING,
Liverpool Regt. Son of
Canon and Mrs. Irving,
Hawkshead Vicarage.



MAJOR A. CYRIL HUDSON,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Lieut.-Col. A. H.
Hudson, and Mrs. Hudson, Wick House,
Pershore.



LIEUT.-COL. H. BRUGES FISHER,
Wiltshire Regt. Eldest son of the late Col.
Fisher and of Mrs. Fisher, Ty Mynydd,
Cardiff.



LIEUT. ROBERT H.
FLETCHER,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Fletcher, of Kew.



2ND LT. R. L. SANDELL,
Lancs Fusiliers (attd. to a
Machine-Gun Company). Son
of Mr. O. J. Sandell, Finchley.



2ND LIEUT. LIONEL
PHILIP NIXON,
Middlesex Regt. Officially
reported killed in action.



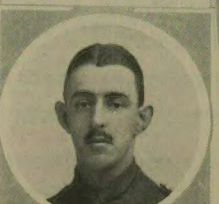
MAJOR A. HUGH BENSON
R.A.M.C. Son of late Mr Richard Benson
and of Mrs Benson, Philbeach Gardens.
Served in South African War: both medals



LT. A. S. RICHARDSON,
Canadian Infantry. Son of
Mr. Charles S. Richardson,
of Winnipeg, Canada.



LIEUT. W. B. DUNCAN,
Black Watch. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Bethune Duncan,
Graycraig, Dundee.



2ND LIEUT. G. M. POPPLE,
Northumberland Fusiliers.
Son of Mr and Mrs. Popple,
of Castlethorpe, Brigg.

"OVER THE TOP": THE MEANING OF A PHRASE NOW FAMILIAR.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



THE CANADIANS MAKING ONE OF THEIR BRILLIANT ATTACKS: MEN LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES ON THE SOMME IN HIGH SPIRITS.



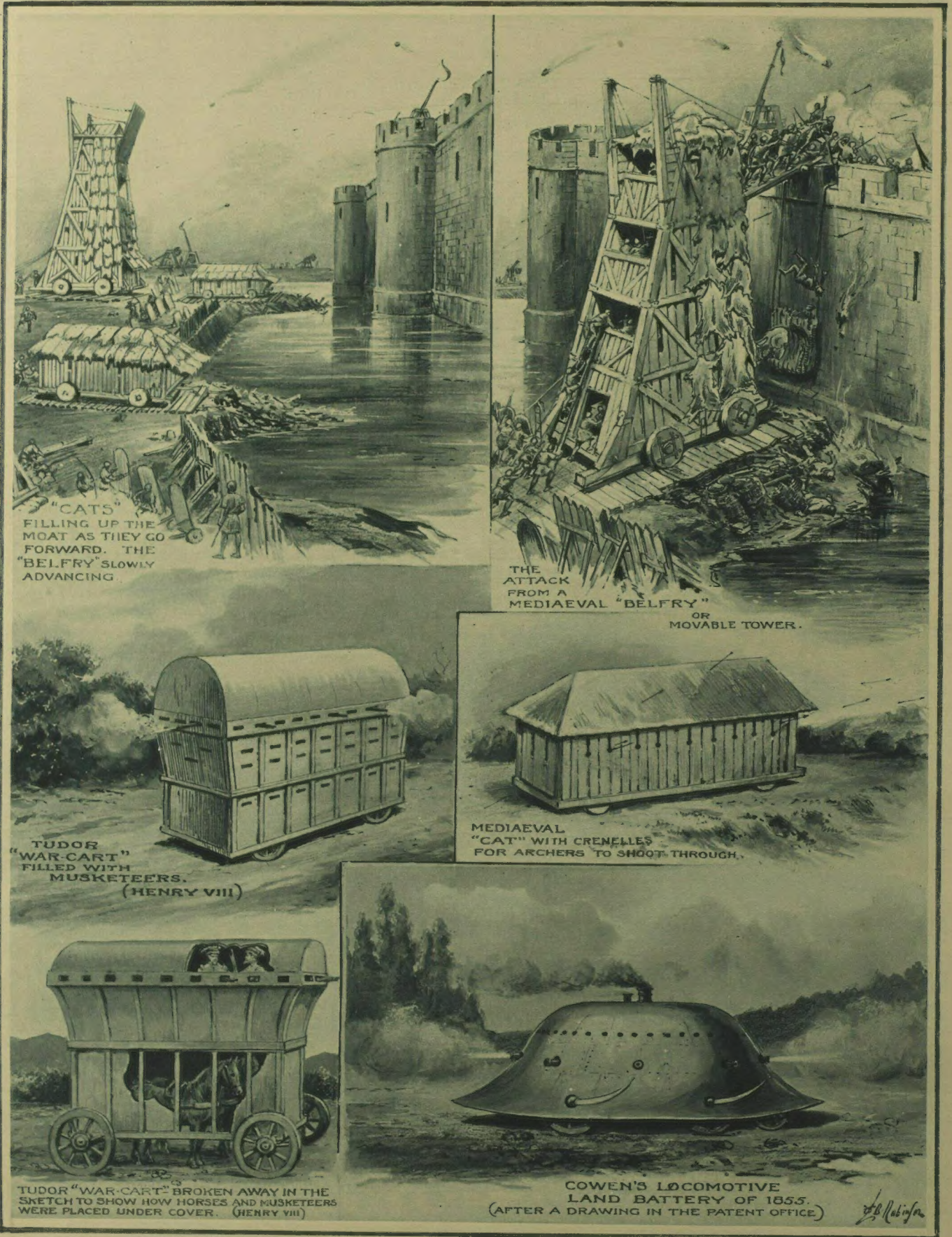
THE LAST "OVER THE TOP": THE START OF A CANADIAN BATTALION ON A BAYONET CHARGE DURING A BATTLE ON THE SOMME.

"Over the top" has been a familiar phrase at the front ever since the long period of defensive operations on the Western Front ended and the great advance began. It means, of course, climbing over the trench-parapet to attack the enemy. These particular examples of going "over the top" were taken on the Canadian section of the Somme front. An official communiqué said of one such occasion recently: "The Canadian troops, in a series of brilliant attacks, forced the Germans back for over a mile beyond their original line. . . . They have taken over 1200 prisoners. . . . Men from Toronto and London and Kingston fought side by side with men from Winnipeg, Regina, and

Vancouver, and with men of the Mounted Rifles from Eastern Canada. . . . On the right a famous French-Canadian battalion, having as its objective the largest part of Courcellette, behaved with the greatest skill and gallantry. . . . On their left a Halifax battalion co-operated brilliantly in the capture of the rest of the village. A Canadian Light Infantry Regiment, which has already seen long service, together with a Montreal battalion, at the same time captured the line of trenches to the west and established a strong position. Thus, within little more than twelve hours, the Canadians had captured the whole of the German defensive positions on a wide front."

"TANKS" OF OTHER DAYS: OLD-TIME "FORTS" ON WHEELS.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON.



FORERUNNERS OF THE NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE WHICH HAS PROVED SO USEFUL DURING THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: FROM THE "CAT" TO THE LOCOMOTIVE LAND-BATTERY.

With regard to the two upper drawings, in particular, these notes will be of interest. The "Belfry" was the name commonly given by reason of its general appearance and shape—to the movable tower which formed part of mediaeval siege-equipments. This was usually three or four storeys high at most, and was pushed forward by gangs of men, or hauled with capstans and cables. A battering-ram was sometimes fitted on the lower floor; while archers and slingers, etc., occupied the upper stages. The

structure was coated with raw hides, as safeguard against incendiary missiles. The upper storey was fitted with drawbridge-gangways, to enable stormers to cross to the ramparts of the attacked castle.—The "Cat," a low, shed-like structure on wheels, also known as the "Sow," accompanied the "Belfry" to give cover to men told off to fill the moat to allow the Belfry to reach the walls. Sometimes a battering-ram was fitted inside, or the "Cat" was loopholed for bowmen.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"TANKS" OF OTHER DAYS: OLD-TIME "FORTS" ON WHEELS.

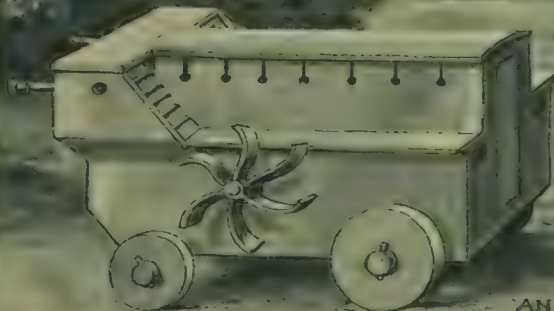
DRAWINGS BY W. E. ROBINSON.



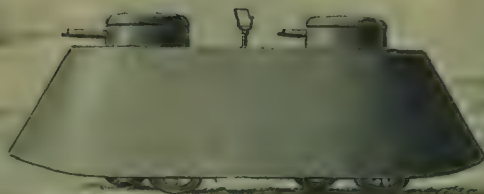
SUGGESTION FOR
A "WAR CAR" 1532.
(AFTER VALTURIUS)



MACHINE TO BREAK
THE RANKS OF
THE ENEMY.
1532
(AFTER
VEGETIUS)



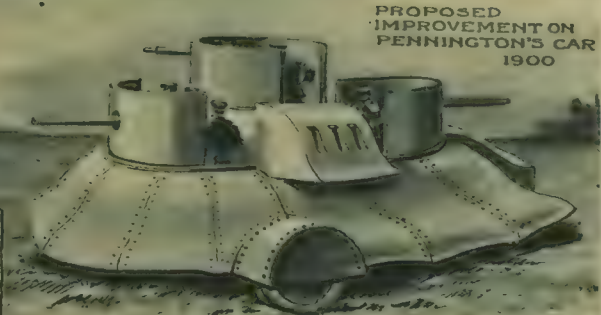
AN "ARMoured"
AMPHIBIOUS CAR OF 1588.



SIMS'S
FORTRESS CAR. 1902.



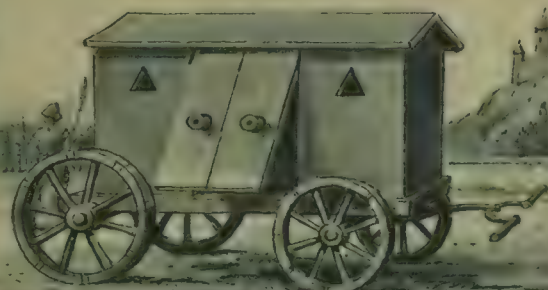
PENNINGTON'S
WAR CAR
1900



PROPOSED
IMPROVEMENT ON
PENNINGTON'S CAR
1900



THE KAISER'S
"BATTLE LINE BREAKER." 1897.



A GERMAN
WAR CART WITH CANNON.
15th-16th CENTURY.

FORERUNNERS OF THE NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE WHICH HAS PROVED SO USEFUL DURING THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: FROM SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MACHINES TO THE KAISER'S "BATTLE-LINE BREAKER."

The Cowen "Locomotive Land Battery" (which is figured at the foot of the facing page) was a suggestion made at the time of the Crimean War, specifications of which are filed in the Patent Office in London. It had four wheels, underneath the iron plate turtle-back armour shield, together with a fifth wheel at the fore-end, for steering. In 1860, at the time of Napoleon the Third's threat to invade England, a French engineer, M. Balbi, designed a similar machine of smaller dimensions. The Emperor approved

the idea, but it went no further. The Kaiser's "Battle-line Breaker," to quote the characteristically grandiloquent designation given to the suggested battle-car shown at the foot of this page, is stated to have been designed by the German Emperor himself. It was to be practically a land armour-clad battle-ship, and was to be as big as a Pullman sleeping-car, and be covered with steel armour bristling with spikes. The idea however, did not materialise.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A DRAMATIC PRELUDE TO THE ITALIAN CARSO VICTORY: AN AMAZING ENEMY SURRENDER.

FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR ARTIST ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.



ABANDONING THEIR TRENCHES AND RACING ACROSS TO THE ITALIAN LINES, WITH SHOUTS OF "KAMERAD!": HOW THE AUSTRIANS CAME OVER AT NOVA VAS.

This amazing occurrence at Nova Vas, on the Italian battle-front on the Carso on September 15—sketched by our artist on the spot—was in effect, in the language of the theatre, a "curtain-raiser" to the main piece, to the great Italian victory of October in the same district, details of which are now reaching London. "The fighting for the position at Nova Vas," writes Mr. Price, "ended in so dramatic a fashion that it will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. After a furious preparatory bombardment for hours by the Italian heavy guns, to which the Austrians replied vigorously, there was a sudden cessation of the Italian fire. The crisis had come; the infantry were to attack. But, while awaiting word from elsewhere, there was a brief pause. Next, suddenly, to the general amazement, within six minutes of the guns ceasing, one saw hundreds of men abandoning

the Austrian front trenches, a kilometre off. They held up their hands and waved handkerchiefs wildly in token of surrender. Out they poured, like driven rats stampeded by terriers from a barn. They came racing across the stretch of 'No Man's Land' between the opposing trenches straight for the Italians, taking their chance amidst the Austrian shells, still falling briskly. The spectacular effect of the grey-coated fugitives, without arms or accoutrements, running towards them, hands up and frantically shouting 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' was startlingly dramatic. The Italian soldiers were so amazed at the sight that, regardless of the risk of exposing themselves, they showed themselves over their own parapets and stood gazing at what was taking place. In all, 2117 Austrian prisoners were made that day, including 71 officers."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

THE ITALIAN FRONT—FIGHTING THROUGH THE FOREST BELT ON THE CARSO: A BATTLE IN A WOOD.

FROM A DRAWING BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMIES.



ADVANCING AMIDST TREES, WITH ONLY A FEW YARDS TO THE FRONT VISIBLE AT A TIME, UNDER FIRE FROM HIDDEN FOES: A TASK NEEDING COOL, DISCIPLINED COURAGE.

Forest fighting, the carrying forward of a wide-fronted offensive through close-growing woodland, is one of the most difficult of military operations. Where the ground, in addition to being densely wooded, is rocky and seamed with ravines, and the defending enemy numerous, the difficulties for the attack are increased tenfold. An important sector of the Carso district to the north of Trieste consists of wooded country of the most difficult kind, and directly bars the Italian advance in that region. As our artist notes, the ground in question was artificially planted by the Austrian Government some years ago, under a scheme to reclaim the barren and rocky coasts of the Carso and convert it into forest tracts. Plantations of fir-trees were laid out over a wide area, and these have now grown into the woods which present a very serious obstacle to the Italian advance. Sheltered by the almost

impenetrable cover that the dense woodland offers, the Austrians have constructed Torres-Vedras-like series of fortified positions among the trees along the ridges that intersect the district. In the Velika Hribach stretch of woods alone—to take only one section of the enemy's defence line—no fewer than eleven formidable lines of trenches extended. They were all taken during September by the Italians. The illustration vividly depicts the nature of the contest. The trees render it impossible to make out anything at more than a few yards ahead; the ground is broken, making it difficult to keep touch. The trees are of too young growth to stop bullets. Hidden in their trenches, the Austrians can sweep the approaches at ground level, lying low behind abatis and a maze of wire entanglements at close quarters.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

COLONIAL MAN-POWER: A WAY IN WHICH FRANCE USES HERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



FAR-EASTERN NATIVES AT WORK IN A FRENCH MUNITION-FACTORY: ANNAMITES SMOOTHING OFF AND ADJUSTING THE FUZE-ORIFICES OF SHELLS.



FAR-EASTERN NATIVES AT WORK IN A FRENCH MUNITION-FACTORY: COCHIN CHINA LABOURERS HAULING A TRUCK-LOAD OF STEEL INGOTS FOR SHELL-MAKING.



SENEGALESE NATIVES ENGAGED AT A FRENCH AMMUNITION-FACTORY: ADJUSTING SHELL CHARGES WITH WOODEN MALLET AND RAMMERS.



SENEGALESE COOLIES IN FRANCE EMPLOYED ON ARSENAL WORK: CARRYING LOADED SHELLS TO THE SENDING-OFF DEPARTMENT.



ALGERIAN KABYLES FROM THE ATLAS DISTRICT WORKING IN A FRENCH HIGH-EXPLOSIVES FACTORY: LOADING SHELLS WITH MELINITE.

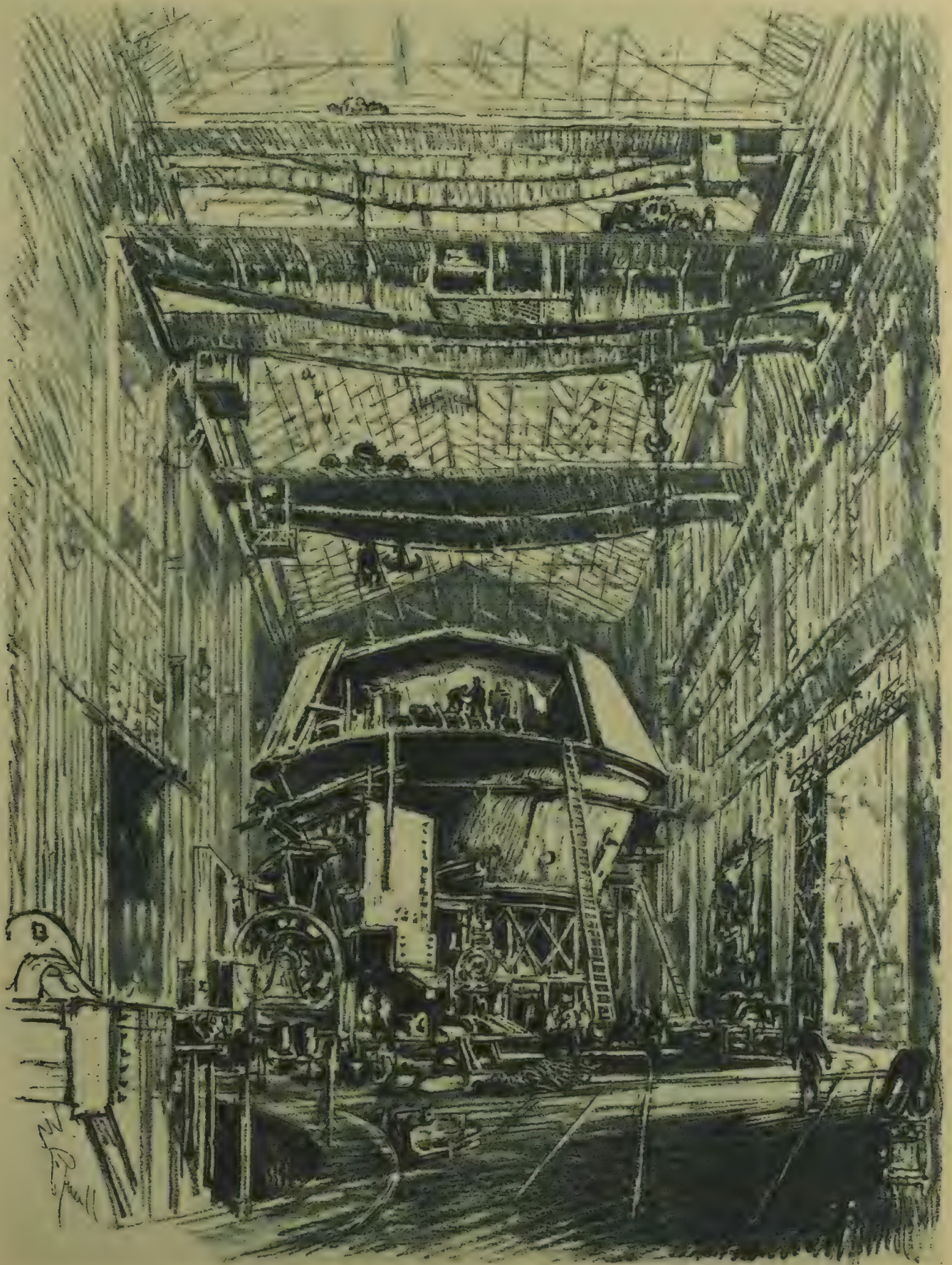


A TONKINESE CHINAMAN AT HIS MACHINE IN A FRENCH SHELL-MAKING WORK-SHOP: TURNING SHELLS TO GAUGE WITH A LATHE.

The question of utilising in war-work of one form or another (including, of course, for fighting) the full and vast man-power of our Crown Colonies and Dependencies all over the world has been raised in Parliament on several occasions, and more is likely to be heard of it. There are millions of men of the black and coloured races owing allegiance to the King, who constitute an as yet untapped source of reserve power available in connection with the war. There is no question of their ardent loyalty to the Flag, and readiness to take their part in helping to win the war in whatever form the authorities

may ask their services. The generous contributions and gifts, either in money or kind, already made by them to war funds—by native rulers and people alike—down to unknown tribes in South and Central Africa—sufficiently testify to their spirit. It rests, of course, with Parliament in the first place to say in what manner this reservoir of national power shall be drawn upon. In the above illustrations we see depicted one of the ways—in connection with munition work—in which our ally France is turning to profitable account the loyal services of her colonial coloured populations.

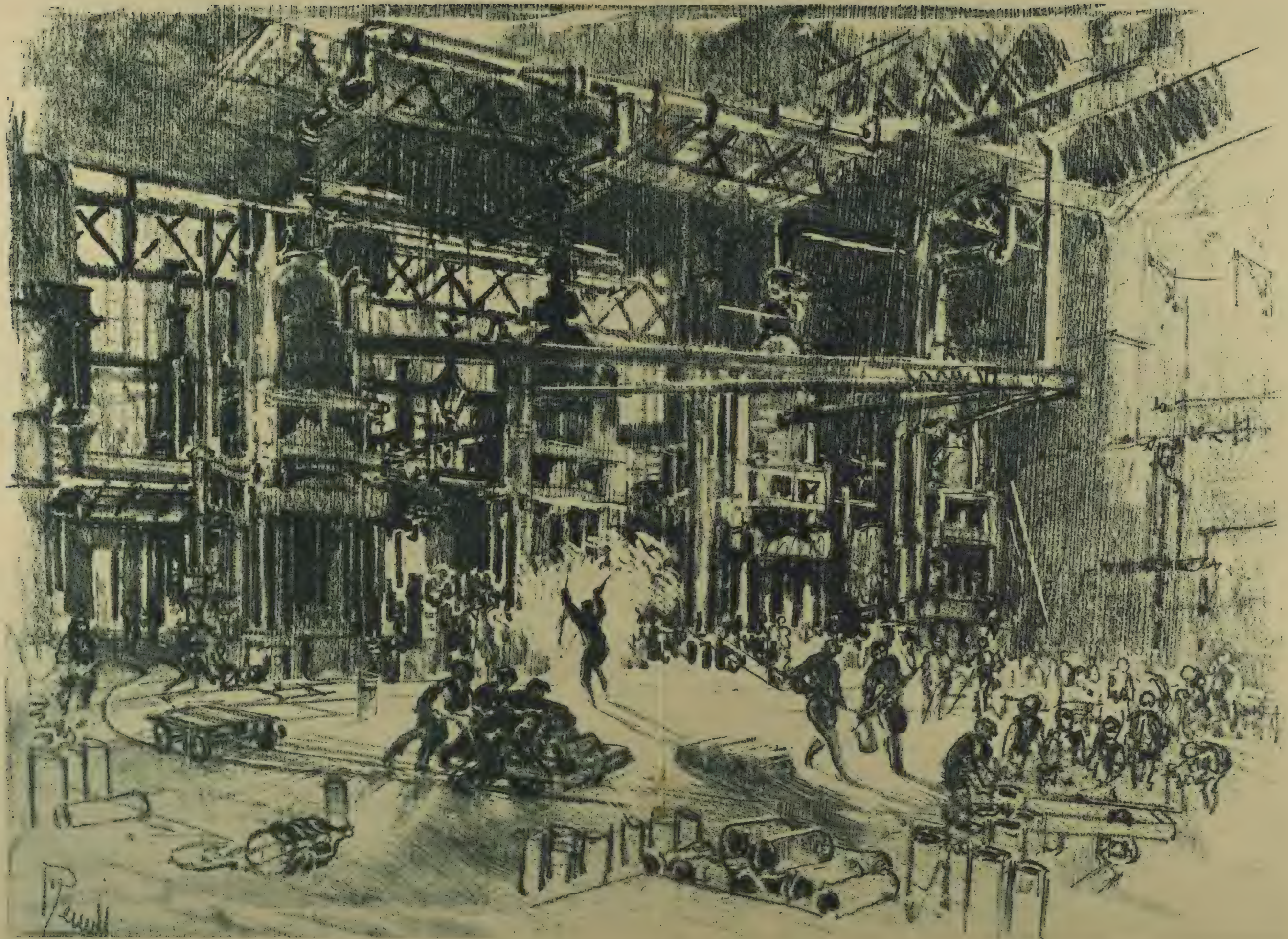
OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"BUILDING THE BIG TURRET": THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF THE GREAT FACTORIES FOR MAKING WAR MATERIAL.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's work needs no introduction to our readers, who have had many opportunities of appreciating it from time to time in these pages. They will remember, for example, his drawings of the engineering wonders of the Panama Canal, and the architectural wonders of New York. Mr. Pennell is quick to see the artistic aspect of any great building or mechanical operations on a colossal scale, and brings out

their imposing and impressive character with masterly skill. It was natural that he should be attracted by the work of our great war factories. To the artist's eye there is grandeur in the titanic machinery by which masses of molten steel are welded into the mighty implements of modern war. Some further examples of Mr. Pennell's work, we may add, will be given in future numbers.



MUNITION-MAKERS OF BRITAIN: "CASTING SHELLS—THE PRESSES": A PENNELL IMPRESSION OF A GREAT BRITISH WAR FACTORY.

Other examples of Mr. Joseph Pennell's well-known work in lithography, illustrating the picturesque side of our great munition-factories, are given on pages preceding and following.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



SEEKING AT EUROPEAN (PRESERVING ON THE GROUND STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (18th CENTURY).



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLASS OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (19th CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR FISHERIES—AFTER THE WAR.

THE number of innovations and reforms which are to come into being "after the war" is already so formidable that I hesitate to add to their number. But there are two which somehow seem to have escaped attention. Both of these concern our fisheries—the one our whale fisheries, the other our food fisheries. They must be treated separately.

Let me begin with the latter. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, which is the body actually concerned with the welfare of these, will, it is to be hoped, demand—and receive—more generous assistance from the Government than it has so far obtained. And, since much of the money to be asked for is to be spent in work such as will afford permanent employment to a large number of men and women who will be thrown upon the labour market after the war, there should be no difficulty about the necessary grants. They are to be applied, indeed, to secure increased revenue, and not for the purposes of experiment, or merely for the sake of providing work. The experimental work has all been done for us, and has been amply proved by the Board of Fisheries of the United States. This body, for years past, has set us an example in all its activities, and the time has now come when, in the interests of our national welfare, we should follow their excellent lead. In America, as with us, many rivers have ceased to be habitable by fish, either owing to pollution by factories or city refuse. Where this has happened in America, other streams have been stocked from one or another of their many fish-hatcheries; and thus the loss to industry, and to the consumer, has been made good. But so great is the need for a further increase in this direction that the inauguration of private fish-farms is advocated, to be conducted incidentally to the various branches of agriculture and animal industry.

To this end, the Bureau of Fisheries has supplied hundreds of millions of artificially hatched food-fishes for private waters. The State officials have endorsed the contention of private fish-culturists that, under given conditions, aquaculture may be more profitable than agriculture; that an acre of the best water may yield larger returns than an acre of the best land; and that food supplies of untold volume and value may be expected from what are now unused waters. These fish include not merely salmon and trout, but a number of other fresh-water species. Some of these could profitably be introduced into our waters; while we might make much more of our own fresh-water species, as I have already suggested in this column—species

which are readily eaten on the Continent. We are the slaves of prejudice.

But not merely food-fishes are cultivated. There are several species of fresh-water mussel in American rivers whose shells are thick, and heavily coated inside with "mother-of-pearl." These shells support a great button-making industry. But, as with our own fresh-water mussel, the young, when released from the parent, become for a time parasitic on fishes. Each species of mussel has its own fish. These "hosts"

bottom to grow buttonwards. During 1915 about 250,000,000 young mussels were thus liberated from one station alone.

Recently the lobster-fishery has engaged the attention of the Bureau. This supports a fishery from Maine to Delaware, and is the principal means of livelihood in many New England communities. But for many years the fishery has presented the striking anomaly of an annually decreasing output and an annually increasing income to the fishermen. In the past quarter of a century the catch has decreased 60 per cent., while the receipts of the fishermen have increased 200 per cent. The lobster has become a luxury. But, because of its nutritious character, it is held that this state of affairs should be remedied.

Hence all lobsters with "berry" attached are first taken over by the State officials, who remove the eggs and place them in "hatcheries." As many as two hundred million eggs may be seen at one time in the automatic hatching-jars at a New England lobster station of the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries. The lobster, it may be remarked, carries its eggs for ten months, and each female carries the eggs are sold with the lobster—a most wasteful proceeding.

Another fish which has just been taken under the protecting wing of the Bureau is the menhaden. This is a near relation of the herring, but, lacking its palatability, is used for conversion into oil and fertilizer. It is also of inestimable value in another way, since it serves as the prey of numerous valuable food-fishes; hence its capture for commercial purposes is to be regulated.

Some idea of the abundance of this fish and the magnitude of the fishery may be gathered from the fact that in 1913 more than one billion fish were caught, and converted into six and a half million gallons of oil and nearly ninety thousand tons of fertilizer.

Perhaps one should be thankful to find that the general public in America is no more intelligent or far-seeing than that of Great Britain where scientific work of this character is concerned; hence the financial support necessary for the inauguration of scientific investigations, or their continuance, is often imperilled. But, in spite of this, the Bureau of Fisheries contrives to find supporters in Congress. May our own legislative authorities do as much! The work is needed.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



AMERICA'S FINE CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS: PICKING UP A WOUNDED SOLDIER IN LORRAINE.
French Official Photograph.

have now been discovered, and it is the province of the Fishery Department to provide those fishes and have them inoculate themselves by putting them in tanks, or ponds, in which the spawning mussels have been placed. When a fish is sufficiently infected it is

from ten to fifteen thousand eggs. In this country the eggs are sold with the lobster—a most wasteful proceeding.



THE SPLENDID WAR WORK OF THE AMERICAN AMBULANCES: A RED CROSS CAR IN A RUINED STREET OF VERDUN.
French Official Photograph.

turned loose in the river, and in a week or two the young mussels, having completed this assisted portion of their existence, detach themselves and fall to the

to find supporters in Congress. May our own legislative authorities do as much! The work is needed.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"THE GUN DIP": THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF A GREAT BRITISH ORDNANCE FACTORY.

In this drawing, as in those reproduced on the preceding pages, Mr. Joseph Pennell illustrates what may be called the spectacular side of a great ordnance factory. The particular process shown in the picture is a certain stage in the making of a big gun, the tube of which is seen suspended near the centre. After being heated in one of the furnaces consisting of vertical metal towers lined with brick, the gun-tube

is then picked up at the muzzle end by a crane and lowered into a tank of oil, in order to be hardened. Directly the tube touches the oil, the latter bursts into flame, but this stops as soon as the tube is completely immersed. The tube is then left in the oil to cool. Some of the big travelling cranes used in ordnance factories for moving gun-tubes are capable of lifting a hundred tons.

TOGOLAND UNDER THE UNION JACK: BRITISH AND NATIVE CEREMONIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWEDSTROP.



HONOUR FOR A WEST AFRICAN NATIVE RULER: THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST PRESENTING A SWORD TO THE FIA OF THE AWUNAS.



IN DURBAR AT QUITTAH: SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST, ADDRESSING AWUNA CHIEFS.



A NATIVE DANCE IN HONOUR OF SIR HUGH CLIFFORD'S VISIT TO AWUNA-GA: IN THE GROUNDS OF A REST-HOUSE FOR EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS GIVEN BY THE FIA OF THE AWUNAS, WITH A FETISH WOOD IN THE BACKGROUND.



LISTENING TO THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH: THE FIA, CHIEFS, AND RETAINERS OF THE AWUNA NATION IN DURBAR.



THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST AT AWUNA-GA: (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN FRASER, A.D.C., MR. FURLEY, SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, AND THE FIA, SRI IL.

These photographs show an interesting ceremony in West Africa, of which our correspondent who sends them supplies the following account: "The second anniversary of the British occupation of Togoland, the first German colony to fall into the hands of the Allies, was marked at a durbar, held by the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir H. Clifford, K.C.M.G., at Quitlah, close to the Togoland border, on August 29. The speedy conquest of Togoland was helped, in no small degree by the native tribes in the bordering colony of the Gold Coast (and some of those in Togoland itself) at once offering to the British Government to send levies of fighting men to help against the Germans. They were not required,

but nevertheless were mobilised. Prominent among these tribes are the Awuna and Addah nations, both of whom have shown constant loyalty to the British Government, under whose flag they have found the liberty and fair dealing which other tribes have desired in vain from their German masters. 'Fia' (King) Sri IL, of the Awunas, on behalf of his nation, was presented with a sword of honour and a silver medallion. Fia Sri IL is a most intelligent ruler, and has laid every European who travels from the Volta River to Togoland under obligation to him, by providing at his own expense a Rest-House Bungalow for their use." Mr. Furley is Provincial Commissioner for the Eastern Province.

A Gift from you of £18 will maintain one lad or girl for a year.

At the present time, 1200 lads and girls are being fed, clothed and trained into useful British citizens at the homes of the

NATIONAL REFUGES

and in the Training Ships

"ARETHUSA" and "CHICHESTER."

Old boys from the Society are now serving in nearly every vessel of the British Navy and in 100 British regiments. Nine were in the East Surreys, the famous regiment that dribbled the football to the German trenches. Many old boys have been wounded, and several have already given their lives for their country.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

The Society is in great need of funds. There is a deficit of £6000 in the maintenance account and about £3,000 of investments have had to be sold to meet expenses.

Please help to the best of your ability, and without delay. Amounts large or small will be gratefully received by the SECRETARIES, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.



INSOMNIA.

Many people spend half the night, not in sleeping, but in worrying over their affairs, and consequently arise feeling more tired than when they go to bed.

The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than Indigestion, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

TESTIMONY.—"I have been compelled to abstain from taking tea, coffee, and cocoa for over eight months. I can truly say that your Cocoa and Milk has simply worked wonders with me. I have always been able to retain it, and have found it most soothing and satisfying, and of the greatest assistance in promoting sleep."

Tins, 2/6 and 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention *The Illustrated London News*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond St., London.

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the continued appreciation of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is indicated by the ever-increasing imports of the original Worcestershire Sauce into that ancient and exclusive country.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is economical in use because a little goes such a long way. A far larger quantity of a cheap imitation fails to give the same satisfaction.

Observe the signature thus:—

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THE fine old wooden merchantmen of our great grandfathers' days, and the steel ships of to-day, have both outsailed and beaten off enemy ships in their race home with the finest tobacco out of Virginia.

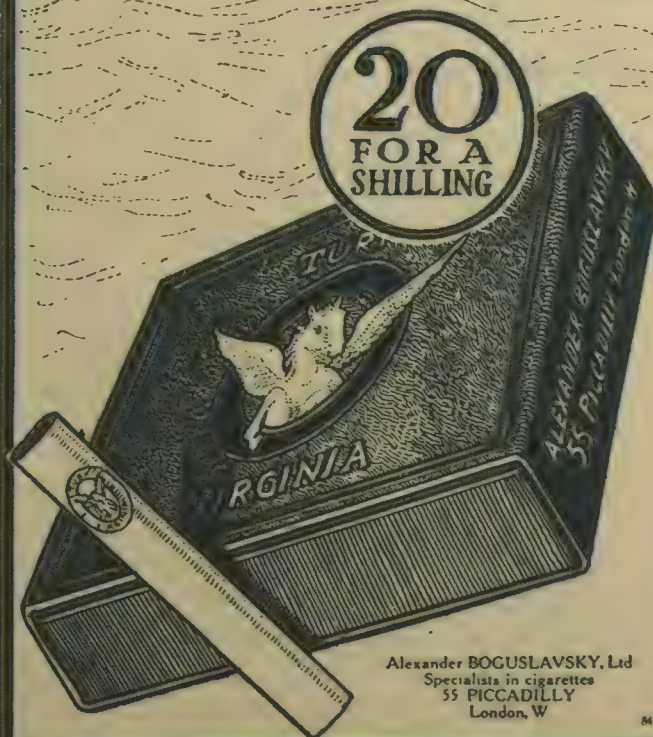
TURF Virginia Cigarettes are just this "finest tobacco out of Virginia." Perfectly made, they smoke perfectly, and there is no other Cigarette on the market that has the same aroma and softness as TURF VIRGINIA.

20 for a shilling, they are irresistible to the man of taste.

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NEW NOVELS.

"—And What Happened." There is a touch of Murger in "—And What Happened" (Mills and Boon). Its Bohemia is the journalists' London, inhabited in this instance by cheerful and witty young women, and by clever and shaggy young men, sturdy

of this, for nobody can be quite as old or as gloomy on occasion as the clever young person under five-and-twenty; but at least Miss Stevens has written an excellent novel to establish her own conviction. The restaurant meals, the ridiculous expedition of Letty and Dicky Matravets to the country with Henry Mutton, the charwoman's baby, in a perambulator, are all described in the same spirit of happy entertainment. It is a long time since we read a more joyous and engaging book.



TROOPS ON THE MARCH WATCHED BY TROOPS RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE:
A SCENE ON THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

Official Photograph.

adventurers who have rebelled against the dullness of their middle-class homes. They are all alive, and, since the book is sub-titled "Being an Account of Some Romantic Meals," their staccato manner of living is delightfully revealed by Miss E. S. Stevens, who is to be congratulated on the gaiety of their story. She begins with the arrival of Letty Ross at the Cradock School of Journalism—fee, forty guineas—where the editorial secrets of imaginary "family" and fashion papers are exposed to the gaze of the novice. Miss Briscoe's first aid to journalism is a very happy piece of writing, and so is Letty's instruction by Nicolette Preston in the psychology of the unsuccessful newspaper woman. Letty is straightway bidden to have tea at the school, because "to-day tea will be worth having. Someone had the bright idea of having a cake competition in the 'family' paper, and we've been eating those cakes now for nearly a week." Letty Ross, we are told, aged twenty, emerging into freedom for the first time, was still in the golden time when adventure is eagerly chased for its own sake and the heart has never been filled with anything but laughter. We are not quite sure of the truth

hackneyed highways of fiction. Yet this weakness has its compensations, for at all events he is unaffected—and how many times has it not been our weary fate to observe the posturing of the young men who try to attract attention by self-consciously practising the art not of the novelist, but of the literary mountebank! Here is at least a straightforward person who has worked up a respectable plot—none of your kick-shaws—and who is not to be debarred from conscientiously presenting it to the reader. There is no inspiration in "God's Child"; but, on the other hand, there is no insincerity.

"Backwater." "Backwater" (Duckworth) is written in a sort of shorthand, or a dialect—as you please. It expresses the manner and method of the young women of Barnes, no doubt; but the mannerisms of Barnes are not as vital to the story of Miriam as Miss

Dorothy Richardson would like us to believe. She has a trick of snapping out a piece of suburban slang with a nod and a wink, as if it enclosed tremendous feminine mysteries, and she is so uncommonly clever with it that she almost carries it off. "Sarah knows all sorts of things," said Miriam excitedly. . . . "She says she knows why the Pooles look down and smirk; their dimples and the line of their chins; that men admire them looking down like that. Isn't it frightful? Disgusting! And men don't seem to see through them." "It's those kind of girls get on best." . . . "Sarah says there are much more awful reasons. I can't think how she finds them all out. Sober Sally, I know she's right. It's too utterly sickening, somehow, for words." It is quite an imposing trick; but Miss Richardson does not convince us, after the first onslaught, that there is anything epoch-making behind it. "Backwater" is more a series of notes—these shorthand notes, and others—than a connected novel. Its realism is jerky, snatches and glimpses of the truth—and, be it noted, not always the truth best worth looking for. And yet that chapter which describes Miriam's attitude towards the children she has been teaching is almost all pure gold. So,



A WAR-TIME DAUGHTER OF THE PLOUGH: THE FIRST-PRIZE WINNER AT A
DEMONSTRATION OF WOMEN'S FARM-WORK IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A demonstration of women's work in agriculture was held recently at Firs Farm, Poulton, Gloucestershire. The first prize for ploughing was won by Miss G. Mitchell, of Buckland, Berkshire.—[Photo. C.N.]

no matter how little there may be inside the suburban young women, it is impossible not to come to the conviction that there are possibilities as yet unfolded, and a promise still to be made good, in Miss Dorothy Richardson.

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I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

The Cynic: I think patriotism carries very little weight with most motorists when it comes to the purchase of a tyre.

Dunlop: I don't believe it! Anyway, not in present circumstances.

The Cynic: Oh, I don't know. I am almost convinced it's a question of selfish interest, based on the merits of the tyre, supposed or otherwise.

Dunlop: To take it on those grounds, then, what better tyre than a Dunlop can the most selfish motorist want? Look at my unique manufacturing facilities. And even if there were nothing to choose between Dunlops and foreign tyres, I am sure that patriotism would be sufficient to turn the scale in favour of Dunlops.



DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
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OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.
Dunlop Solid Tyres for Heavy Commercial Vehicles.



LADIES' PAGE.

THE Government-appointed "Conference" on Electoral Reform is not to settle anything, but merely to consider and suggest upon any necessary alterations in our representative system. Upon it, men of every shade of party opinion are placed, but not a single woman. The air is thick with appeals to women to undertake this task and that, with advice to employers to put women everywhere in the place of men, with assurances from those already employing women that they have proved to be extraordinarily capable, and are doing not only what would be called "men's work" in ordinary times, but the work of specially skilful and highly trained men—of the male élite of the artisan classes, in fact. Women members are placed on Parliamentary Committees often enough, in some cases on Committees where it must be really painful and difficult for them to assist in hearing evidence and deliberating on conclusions. But when it is a question of consulting who shall be represented in the Government of the country, not one woman is invited to participate in this inquiry—not even an "anti" has been included!

The Queen gave the honour of her presence to the opening of the new buildings of the Women's Medical School connected with the London Royal Free Hospital. This royal patronage has been well deserved by the excellent work done by women as Army doctors. A large hospital for soldiers in London is run entirely by women surgeons, to the perfect satisfaction of the patients and with excellent statistical results. Women in this branch of work have beyond question "made good," though it was at first difficult to get the authorities to allow them to use their skill. The French Army first took advantage of the skill of our English women as army doctors in this war. The Queens of England will always be associated with the successful entrance of women into the regular practice of medicine and surgery. Queen Victoria received personally an American lady doctor, who brought to England a message from an Indian Princess, asking the great mother Queen to send medical women to treat their sisters in the Indian zenanas. The message was written on a scrap of paper put in a beautiful locket which the Maharanee took from her own neck. "Write small, doctor Sahib," she said, "so as to put it in this case for the great Queen." After receiving it, Queen Victoria gave her patronage to the movement for lady doctors for India, which involved their medical training here. Queen Alexandra, in her turn, opened a hospital to be staffed by women only; and now Queen Mary has added her patronage.

Of course, we are all delighted to know that women are working so well, for one's experience with them as domestic workers is only too often much the reverse. I used to think that this incapacity and unwillingness to improve was partly in consequence of the utter lack of systematic training for the duties required of domestic workers, and partly the result of the unpopularity of the conditions of domestic service, which makes most clever and ambitious



A USEFUL AND COSY TRAVELLING COAT.

It is made of check tweed with a comfortable skunk collar and pockets outlined with the fur.

girls choose other occupations. But alas! when I had a newspaper of my own I found my women clerks no more reliable. Probably women work better under men; we all know how the housemaid who is neglectful of her duties and impertinent to her mistress will wait upon her master so well and so devotedly that he, dear man, cannot understand why his wife cannot "get on" with the treasure! The women who do "get on" with their servants at the present time too often must be those who take the advice of the old Roman stoic, Epictetus. He says: "Lay aside such reasonings as this: 'If I do not correct my servant, he will be good for nothing.' . . . It is better that your servant should be bad than you unhappy. Is a little oil spilt, a little wine stolen? Say to yourself, 'This is the purchase paid for my apathy and tranquillity.' It is possible he may not come at your call, or, if he come, that he may not do what you would have him do. But he is by no means of such importance that it should be in his power to give you any disturbance."

This easy-going, lazy philosophy, this shunting of responsibility, this neglect of the clear and bounden duty of the ruler, is the condition almost forced upon mistresses at the present juncture, when all strong young women are not merely called, but imperatively urged, to do something other than the quiet domestic tasks of cooking and cleaning house. But economy, hygiene, good order, so necessary in the ship of home where we are supposed to guide the helm, necessarily become sadly to seek. Nevertheless, we must possess our souls in patience at this crisis as far as possible, for, as Epictetus goes on to say, "He is the master of another person who is able to confer or remove what the other person wishes either to have or avoid; who would be free, then, must wish for nothing that depends on others, else he will necessarily be a slave." We must certainly to some extent "let things go" at present in our homes. After all, we shall have no homes to care for if the foe be not checked—that is the one point. So our strong and capable girls must be done without at home for defensive work.

Paris dress designers, finding the attempt a failure to force on women for actual wear the freakish frocks that the tradespeople devised, and that we have seen in fashion-plates, but that have not been worn (except by the very small minority who rush to order and put on any absurdity for the express purpose of being uncommon and getting noticed), have suddenly abandoned the attempt, and are contenting themselves with supreme simplicity. Straight lines, moderate fulness, abundant room for the figure and for movement, mark the newest models. The frock-coat is the real success of the autumn season, and its straight and sensible outline is admirable. The latest Paris notion, and one that is being eagerly adopted, is the very extreme of simplicity. Entitled the "robe-chemise," it is exactly like what it is called: a straight-lined, rather narrow, one-piece robe, indicating rather than defining the waist, and hung from a square yoke-piece, above which may appear a *gumpe* of lawn or tucked net for day wear, but the throat in unveiled beauty in the evening.—FILOMENA.

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"Margot," "Only Thirty," and "Not Too Old At Forty" have all written me this morning on the subject of wrinkles. Now it is not often that I have three readers asking the same question by the same post, so my chat this week will be all about these arch enemies of woman. I know that I can help every reader who suffers from these afflictions, for I have given three whole years to the study, and have at last reached the result—how to remove all lines and wrinkles entirely and permanently by a safe and sure method, which only involves a few minutes at night devoted to the cure.

It is a perfectly new and novel method, introduced from the Land of the Rising Sun, and has nothing in common with the old-fashioned and perfectly useless "treatments" to which our Beauty doctors here have pinned their faith for so long. These, as we all know, were massage, which stretched the skin and made the trouble worse; skin tools, which often induced the growth of superfluous hair; lotions which dried and made the skin look withered and old; and the worthless old-fashioned plasters. Space does not permit a fuller description of the Miyako Japanese method here, so I am sending all particulars privately to my three correspondents, and if any other reader would like the same, please write, enclosing stamp for reply, to "Jeannette," (Suite 106), St. George's House, Regent Street, London, W.

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MYOSOTIS.—But why use face powder at all? Get some ordinary Santones from your chemist, and use this instead. It will not show or "give."

DORIS.—Yes, you can easily develop your bust, neck, and shoulders after thirty. Write, and I will give you full particulars of a simple but sure and harmless way.

BLANCHE and L.K.—Falling hair, excessive fat, and foot trouble have been the subjects of previous articles, to which please refer, or write me privately for reprints of the formulas and directions given.



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LITERATURE.

Political Frontiers and Boundaries.

There could not be a more fascinating or timely subject than that discussed by Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich in "Political Frontiers and Boundary Making" (Macmillans). Sir Thomas writes out of the fulness of experience, and his volume bears the stamp of authority. Whether it did not present an opportunity for illuminating maps is open to doubt, since these might have directed attention to particular geographical and political problems, and away from the generalisations—the philosophy of the matter—in which the reader ought to find its chief value. But there can be no question that its usefulness, even on the broad issue, is very considerably lessened through the absence of an index. With this exception, we have nothing but praise for Sir Thomas Holdich's work. He gets early to what a little reflection will show to be the root of the matter when he discusses the constitution of a nationality, and his conclusions thereon, which by no means always chime with those of popular sentiment, deserve the most careful study now that we are approaching a task of so great complexity and intense international interest as European re-settlement. As the essential conditions of a scientific frontier he lays it down that it shall be, first of all, a barrier, and, next, that as far as possible, this barrier shall be selected with due reference to the wills of the peoples whom it separates. The order in which he places these conditions, and his use of the term "selected," rather than that of "erected," in regard to the second of them, are significant. For they recognise the difficulty which the variety of factors in national wills immediately raises, and the importance of natural geographical features if the barrier is really to be effective, and not a prospective excuse for a battle such as these various factors are ever ready to inspire. Such a scientific frontier, it is pointed out, is rare in Europe, and, speaking generally, is more easily realised in wide territories occupied by primitive and

barbarous peoples, than in realms of civilisation where sub-divisions of national wills are more complex, and have also more particularly to be taken into account. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Holdich seems to perceive in the dispositions of geography in Europe the possibility of natural frontiers satisfactory to the solution of its problems, and he advocates their selection even although the disappointment and suffering of minorities should be incident to it. Here, however, we are limiting our comment—as in the circumstances, there is great temptation to do—to

boundaries that we have to be especially grateful to Sir Thomas Holdich.

"An Eastern Backwater."

This volume, "An Eastern Backwater" (Melrose), is not a genial performance, but it is often remarkably entertaining. Many of its readers, even some who have not voyaged beyond Suez, will make a good guess as to the precise whereabouts of the Backwater, of which the publishers disclaim knowledge. A few with still more intimate local knowledge will speculate as to who "Boxwallah" is, and probably hit the mark: for it is difficult to believe that a pen-name can long preserve the anonymity of an author who is so circumstantial in his anecdotal. Fortunately, the identity of neither the Backwater nor its rather severe chronicler is necessary for the enjoyment of these pages. One does not require to believe their stories (nor, be it added, to hear them for the first time) to chortle over them, and it is possible to disagree with their conclusions and yet recognise that a great deal of good sense frequently marks the arguments supporting them. The author's gibes begin with the I.C.S., a recurring target for them throughout his book. As, however, their point generally is how securely and complacently the "Heaven-born" is entrenched, they will probably leave their object unabashed. The *hidalgos* (*hidalgo* derived from *filii alieujus*—"a man with a father") of the B.S.R., or Backwater State Railway, might squirm more under "Boxwallah's" shafts, but one gathers that few, if any such, are left; and the various Flotilla skippers upon the River Pactolus (itself a clue to one of the veiled identities), introduced into the pillory of this narrative, are admittedly types of the past. It may be said, indeed, of the whole picture that there is more than a suspicion of reminiscence about it, and that its somewhat jaundiced colours are meant to represent bygone, rather than present social effects. On the other hand, one or two chapters upon immediate questions of interest are written in ink from which the carping juices have been considerably

(Continued overleaf.)



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Describing the capture of Courcellette by the French-Canadian Battalion, the Canadian War Records Office says: "There was also a German 41 gun which they could claim, with 1000 rounds of ammunition, several machine-guns, and a large quantity of German hand-grenades." Official Photograph—Canadian War Records.

questions coming directly within the author's concluding chapter on the "International Boundaries of Europe." These recur throughout the volume, but chief as illustrations of the main theme, on which the international boundaries in Asia, those of Africa, and particularly the North-West frontier of India, are also made to cast a light. And, we would repeat, it is for his broad survey of the question of international

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eliminated. "My Friend the Eurasian" is full of sympathy as well as sense, although still later pages, on the effect of war upon the Backwater, have to lament that the Anglo-Indians—as the Scots-Burmans, Hiberno-Pathans, and others of mixed blood now seek to call themselves—did not by corporate action, at the end of 1914, seize the opportunity of offering themselves for service at the front. On the subject of "Missions," as may perhaps be gathered, "Boxwallah" is not conciliatory. The Christian clergyman, he says, whose ministrations are confined to the European population, and who stands aloof from mission work, sees much to admire in the type of man produced by native creeds, and much to deplore in the products of conversion; and his further comment that "Even in the missionary's household native Christian servants are comparatively rare" is characteristic. The whole chapter states lucidly one point of view, but with considerable lack of humour misses another. And, indeed, though amusing in detail, "An Eastern Backwater" lacks throughout the sense of humour by which a sense of proportion also is maintained.

The Works of O. Henry.

It is possible that many British readers, on learning that a uniform edition, in twelve volumes, of the works of O. Henry has just been published (by the Eveleigh Nash Co.), will ask—Who is O. Henry? In the first place, he is no longer—he died in 1910 in New York—and his real name was William Sydney Porter. Under his unattractive pseudonym, characteristic of his aversion from personal notoriety, he wrote about 250 short stories, dealing mainly with life in New York and in Central America. Towards the end of his career his work became well known and widely popular, yet he himself remained comparatively obscure. A tragic experience in youth had made him reserved, and in his later years he suffered from ill-health. But he was highly esteemed by those who knew him, and his stories are delightful. Mr. Stephen Leacock, the Canadian writer, says of him in one of his new "Essays and Literary Studies": "Here (i.e., in New York) O. Henry's finest work was done—inimitable, unsurpassable stories that make up the volumes entitled 'The Four Million,' 'The Trimmed Lamp,' and 'The Voice of the City.' . . . What O. Henry did for Central America he does again for New York. It is transformed by the magic of his imagination. . . . A novel he never wrote . . . but . . . his canvas is vast



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TAKING SAND-BAGS TO THE TRENCHES.
Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ONE OF THE MANY BRITISH LIGHT RAILWAYS.
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His New York stories, like those of Central America or of the West, form one great picture as gloriously comprehensive in its scope as the lengthiest novels of a Dickens."

O. Henry was born in 1867, in North Carolina, and his early vicissitudes resemble somewhat those of Mark Twain. As a boy he worked on a ranch in Texas, and later on a banana farm in Central America. Then he became a chemist, and, after various wanderings, turned newspaper reporter and began to write. Thus, like Mark Twain and Dickens, he had a rough training in the school of life, and a wide experience of men. He was eminently qualified to describe the average American as he lives and moves in his native land. The picture is one of great interest to us British readers, who mostly know the American only as a visitor, and there should be a great demand for the new edition of Henry's works. One volume, "Rolling Stones," contains some portraits of him, and some of his early humorous drawings and stories written for a paper called the *Rolling Stone*, which he started and edited in Austin, Texas, in 1894. A preface mentions that "a biographical volume will be issued within the next two or three years." It is an interesting detail that the slang phrase "I don't think," which recently captured the British public via the music-halls, occurs in this 1894 volume of O. Henry's work, under one of his caricature drawings. Perhaps he invented it. The other volumes, besides those mentioned, are "Whirligigs," "Sixes and Sevens," "The Gentle Grafter," "Strictly Business," "Options," "Heart of the West," "Roads of Destiny," and "Cabbages and Kings." The price is 3s. 6d. net per volume.

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THE season of chilly nights and mornings, and sudden weather changes is here again; coughs and colds are the order of the day, and bronchial sufferers dread the coming of winter unless they are prepared with a box of Peps. These unique tablets are happily described as bringing all the chest-strengthening virtues of A Pine Forest into every home.

It's the pine air they *breathe* in that benefits and cures weak-chested visitors to Switzerland, and keeps the natives so free from coughs and colds. The problem which the inventors of Peps solved was how to give British people, in their own homes, this valuable throat and chest medicine in a natural, breatheable form.

You place a Peps tablet in the mouth, and as it dissolves the medicine becomes air-like or volatile, and mingles with your breath. The result is a revelation. Breathing becomes easy, and a nice warm glow creeps down the breathing-tubes right into the lungs, which then work without any sign of soreness or obstruction.

Peps are the breatheable medicine which goes right down to the very root of coughs, colds, sore throat and bronchitis. Apart from their soothing and medicinal qualities, Peps are also germicidal, and an invaluable protection against those infectious germs that are the cause of throat and chest epidemics. Peps give strength to the lungs, and make your throat strong enough to stand winter or fog.

Every Peps tablet is separately wrapped in silver foil, and the name Peps is stamped on each tablet. Sold by all chemists and stores, or The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds. Branches and Agencies at Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, Karachi, Toronto, Capetown, Cairo, &c. Be sure you get PEPs, the great throat disinfectant. All imitations are worthless.



Peps

**FREE
TRIAL**

To get the Pine Forest cure into your home free, send your name and address and 1d. stamp (for return postage) to the Peps Co., Leeds, for a free trial sample of Peps. Mention *Illus. London News*, Oct. 21, 1916.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Heavy-Oil Carburetters.

Much attention is being given in America to the development of carburetters for use with the heavier distillates of petroleum. It is almost impossible to open an American motoring periodical without finding a description of some new device for the attainment of the ideal

but had obvious drawbacks. So pronounced were these drawbacks that the lamp has long since been discarded, and the later heavy-oil carburetters have necessitated the engine being started and run for a greater or less length of time on petrol, in order to provide the necessary heat for vaporisation of the paraffin. The latest American carburetters attempt to get over this difficulty of obtaining initial heat in a most interesting manner. Almost every

American car is furnished with an electric installation for lighting and engine-starting, and this is impressed into the service of providing the needful heat. It may be remembered that the Cadillac cars exhibited at Olympia in 1913 were fitted with a hot wire to the carburetter to give ease in starting, by facilitating vaporisation, in cold weather. It is this principle which is being employed, in an advanced form, in the heavy-oil carburetters referred to.

An Interesting Example.

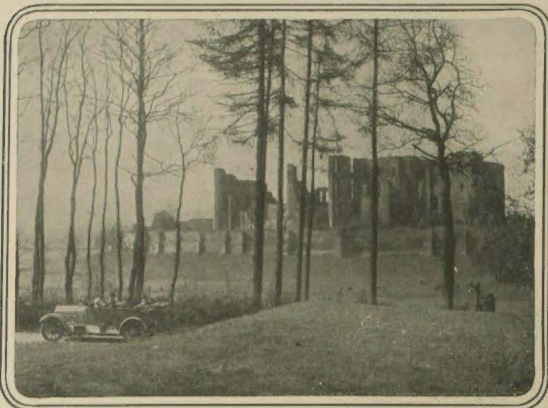
One of the latest to be described, and one of the most interesting, is a carburetter known as the Eynon. The heating arrangement consists of an ordinary sparking-plug inserted in the upper part of the mixing-chamber. This plug, which takes current from the lighting battery, heats an electrical resistance-wire wrapped round an asbestos wick saturated with paraffin. The resultant vapour is lighted immediately, when the

current is passed through the plug. When the engine has been started the electrical heating is discontinued, but combustion in the mixing-chamber continues. A series of gauze baffle-plates prevents the flame in the mixing-chamber from passing into the engine. Now comes the most interesting part. It is claimed that, owing to the limited supply of oxygen in the chamber and the high velocity of the gas, only four per cent. of the vapour is thus consumed in heating the remainder—that is, the paraffin vapour is actually made to pass through the flame, only losing the percentage named on its way to the motor. After passing through the baffles, the heated gas is mixed with air drawn through an auxiliary valve, and is then passed to the cylinders. It is said that the device functions very well indeed. If that is so, then

it seems to mark a notable advance in the carburetting of the heavy oils. It is much to be feared that when the war is over we shall find that we have fallen a long way behind our American competitors in the refinements of automobile engineering. Unfortunately, our pre-occupation with the serious business of war has meant actual stagnation with us.

Dunlops.

I have just received the new price-list of Dunlop tyres, and note with satisfaction that prices remain exactly as they were before the war. I don't profess to know how it is done, in view of the largely increased cost of raw materials and labour. If it were not for the figures of the Dunlop balance-sheet, one might imagine that the case was on all fours with that of the historic lady who sold bread at a loss, and was only



NEAR THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE: THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Our photograph shows a 14-h.p. Humber car of the most modern kind in the foreground, while in the rear are seen the paddock and picturesque ruins of Kenilworth Castle, a historic building which dates back nearly eight hundred years, and was the scene of the splendid entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, in the sixteenth century.

of a carburetter which will render the motorist entirely independent of the lighter grades of fuel which go under the generic description of "petrol" or "gasoline." Some of these devices are auxiliary to the existing carburetter. Other inventors go the whole hog, and favour something designed for the use of heavy oil without extraneous modifications. Some of these are more than a little interesting, though I fear we shall not be able to make their actual acquaintance for some time to come—unless, indeed, the powers that be see fit, in view of the fuel situation, to relax the import restrictions in favour of inventions that are calculated to ease that situation. In most of the devices referred to, the inventors appear to attach much importance to the pre-heating of the fuel and its proper atomisation on its way through the mixing-chamber. It follows that, if the motor is to start from cold on the heavier fuels, there must be some sort of heating arrangement embodied in the design. In the older paraffin carburetters—or rather, vapourisers—the heating arrangement was often a blow-lamp, which was effective enough,



A SPECIALLY INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH: HIS MAJESTY MOTORING.

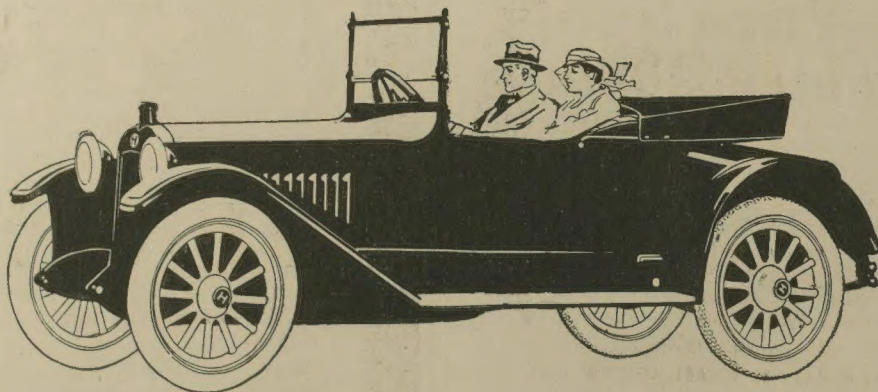
This photograph was taken recently, and is extremely successful in showing the King passing through the countryside. The officers with his Majesty are General Sir Arthur Paget, K.C.B., and General Stephenson. The car is the standard 25-h.p. model supplied by Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., to the War Office.—[Photograph by Fred. Spalding, Chelmsford.]

able to keep going by reason of the quantity she sold. Anyway, it is good to know that something has not gone up in price.

W. W.



The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service



We invite all who contemplate the purchase of an automobile to go to the nearest Hupmobile dealer and ask him to demonstrate, side by side with cars of other makes, that the Hupmobile can do in ordinary everyday use the things that other cars do only in demonstration.

Ask him to drive the car through crowded streets, up steep hills, through deep sand or mud. See how easily and efficiently the Hupmobile does these things.

Notice at the same time the comfortable Hupmobile riding qualities—the deep, soft cushions, the large tonneau, the absence of vibration from the motor even at 50 or 60 miles an hour. Your eye will appreciate Hupmobile beauty of design and finish.

Consider, too, that the Hupmobile has a four-cylinder motor that will give you no trouble and many miles per gallon of petrol—that it has the strength and dependability of that first Hupmobile that went around the world in 1909.

Brief Hupmobile Specifications

Hupmobile models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motor: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke (3½" x 5½"). Transmissions: three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear axle floating type, spiral bevel gear. Cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbit lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5-seater, 134" on 7-seater). Tyres 880 x 120 m/m or 34" x 4" on 5-seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4½" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; robe rail, foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier; pump, jack, and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels. Special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

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Sole Concessionaires British Isles—WHITING, LTD., 334-340, Euston Road, London.

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"The absence of any pockets and projecting parts in the combustion-chamber avoids all pre-ignition risks, and gives a very high fuel efficiency."

"The combustion head is amply water-jacketed, the water-space being self-contained and not dependent on a joint."

"The engine is, as a whole, considerably simpler, neater in exterior appearance, and lighter than the ordinary type, and all working parts are enclosed and thoroughly lubricated."

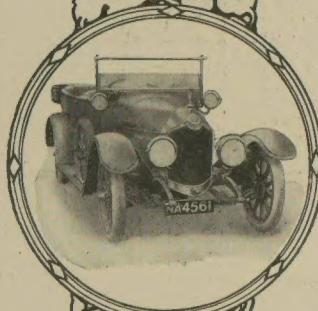
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*The Lady's Field,
August 26 '16*



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RHEUMATISM and all ailments
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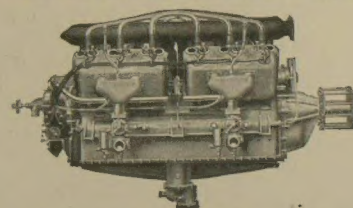
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car emerges completely triumphant, and the SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES stand out conspicuously on account of their amazing efficiency. Remember how important a factor is experience, in thus discovering how to standardise super-efficiency, particularly on a large scale over a lengthy period. Weigh these facts when considering which car you will buy after the war.

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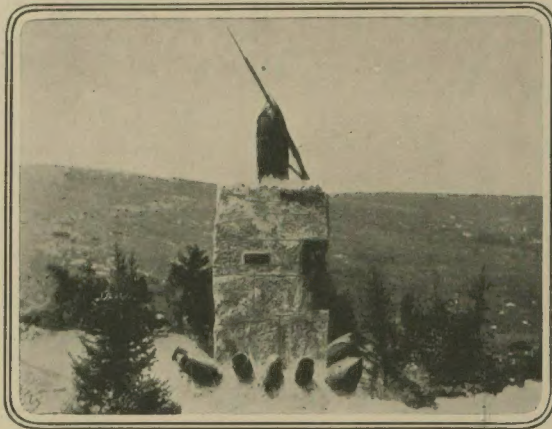
12-Cyl. SUNBEAM-COATALEN Aircraft Engine.

MAETERLINCK'S WAR ESSAYS.

AT this hour of the war, when the wings of Nemesis are beginning to beat over the drooping German eagle, it is well to remember that the demand for vengeance does not come only from the more violent spirits. It is heard emphatically in the newly published collection of war essays by that gentlest and calmest of philosophers, Maurice Maeterlinck. All his articles and speeches written and delivered during the war are contained in this new volume, "The Wrack of the Storm" (Methuen), translated by M. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, except in the case of the first essay, "After the Victory," the English version of which is by Mr. Alfred Sutro. It is here that Maeterlinck voices his call for punishment: "After the final victory, when the enemy is crushed—as crushed he will be—efforts will be made to enlist our sympathy, to move us to pity. We shall be told that the unfortunate German people were merely the victims of their monarch and their feudal caste, that no blame attaches to the Germany we know . . . but only to Prussia—hateful, arrogant Prussia. . . . We are face to face with reality now; let us look about well and pronounce our sentence. . . . It is not true that in this gigantic crime there are innocent and guilty, or degrees of guilt. They stand on one level." The whole essay should be taken to heart by all who may have a voice in framing Allied policy. In the other twenty-two essays Maeterlinck treats many aspects of the war in a vein at once practical and mystical. There are eulogies of King Albert, of Edith Cavell, and of all the heroic dead; eloquent appeals on behalf of Belgium and Poland; addresses delivered in Italy, which had their share in

bringing her into the war; and other more abstract discussions on immortality, prophecies, and spiritual communication. Another paper, "On Re-reading Thucydides," compares the present conflict with the Peloponnesian War, and finds consolation for the mourners of to-day in the speech of Pericles over the Athenian dead.

At the end is reprinted Maeterlinck's first published work (written in 1886), "The Massacre of the Innocents," a story based on a sixteenth-century picture of Spanish atrocities in Flanders, prophetic of the even more hideous atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in 1914.



MARKING THE GRAVE OF AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS: A MEMORIAL WITH RIFLE AND BAYONET, SHELLS AND SHELL-CASES.

ponnesian War, and finds consolation for the mourners of to-day in the speech of Pericles over the Athenian dead.

Owing to the scarcity of gold for manufacturing purposes, the well-known house of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 153-162, Oxford Street, W., are intimating that they are willing to purchase this metal in any quantity, quality, and in any form.

Sufferers from muscular rheumatism, lumbago, and other painful affections will be glad to hear of a new scientific preparation, "Potex," for the treatment of these complaints. The chief active principle of the preparation is the juice of the potato, of which "Potex" contains about fifty per cent. The potato has long been credited with therapeutic value in cases of rheumatism, and a practical investigation of the value of potato-juice in cases of synovitis, gout, lumbago, rheumatism, and bruises has shown that it gives prompt relief from pain. "Potex" is an improved preparation resulting from an investigation conducted in the well-known "Sanitas" laboratory, and is in the form of an embrocation which only requires to be rubbed in wherever pain is felt, night and morning. This new preparation is put up in 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. bottles, and may be ordered through any chemist, or direct from the manufacturers, the "Sanitas" Company, Ltd., Limehouse, E.

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MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE
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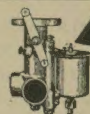
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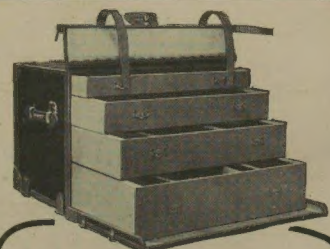
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